

DON'T MARRY THE MAN

By Jeanne Bowman

Characters
 Kathleen Gregory: peppery red-haired member of the Gregory clan, goes West incognito to secure a right-of-way for the Golden Girl mine.
 Donald MacDonald: owner of the rival Stubborn Boy mine, hates the Gregorys.
 Bridget: Kathleen's companion.
 Yesterday: Kathleen learns that a right-of-way could be secured if there was priority of claim.

Chapter 14

'Come With Me'

OVER tea and "sly cake," which Kathleen thought resembled a Napoleon with raisin stuffing, Donald's housekeeper told how the garden and chickens augmented her husband's salary.

"A deed Donald has given to each of us, so should anything happen to him, or the mine, or new owners come in, we own this home and could manage to live. Ah, the poor Gregorys," Mrs. Arthur concluded, and Kathleen knew she referred to the Gregory miners.

The rain which had threatened to fall all day, had made good its threat when they were leaving. Mrs. Arthur looked at the sky and sighed deeply. "A green winter, Donald, a green winter."

"Nonsense," laughed Donald. "This is only a green fall; we'll have snow."

"Ah, but Donald, Mrs. Campbell saw a blossom on her apple tree, three days back, I heard her calling to Annie. That's death before spring."

Donald laughed again. "I'm going to send Balmey over to see you. He'll take the wool out of that one; if you the Campbell apple tree is in a warm corner and with the rain the tree thinks it's spring. He'll tell you that superstition sprang from people growing careless in warm weather and not laying in for the cold."

"Aye, Balmey has a reason for every superstition. I wish I could believe him."

Kathleen left Mrs. Arthur's home in a thoughtful mood. The mood remained through the long evening, through the delicious dinner on the menu which included all the favorite Scottish dishes from onion pudding to Rice Flour cake.

Donald MacDonald in his own home was yet another person—charming, considerate. He spoke of his family, especially of his widowed mother who summered with him, then returned to Los Angeles for the winter; and of his cousin Norman who would be with him before long.

Kathleen listened with one ear; with the other she seemed attuned to some vibration in that room; a peculiar throbbing which had an intoxicating quality. She was checked to learn that the throbbing was the quick beat of her heart. The altitude, unquestionably; that and the air. The air in these mountains was so clear and light one felt buoyant.

She admitted enjoying the comfort of the lodge, later, headed before her own fire, she spoke of it.

"Imagine, that fire kept going without me. And that couch, Bridget, there were moments when I wanted to sink clear out of sight and spend the night on it."

Her bed was as uncompromising as the future. It was a cold, barren fact. She spent most of the night tossing on it, her mind active—building, rebuilding and with each board laid on board, calling MacDonald to come and see if he could have built as well.

Morning dawned with a steady rain dimming the landscape and the big room filled with damp, cold air. Had she not been so intent upon her claim, Kathleen might have complained. As it was she felt vague pity for Bridget who had been drawn into this life with her, and slipped in to build a fire for her.

'A Fairy Tale'
 "I'm going to crash the Gregory cots today," she confided. "I don't know how but I'll watch me."

If intense desire were prayer, then Kathleen's prayers were answered. She was idling along the trail when a man rushed up to the door of a cot. A moment later a woman throwing a coat over her head, rushed out with him, caught sight of Kathleen and called.

"Oh, Miss Riley go stay with the baby My Johnny's got took!" There was no more. She had fled in the way of the man who was striding on ahead and Kathleen, after one glance around went into the cot.

For a moment she stood in the doorway then hastily she closed the door. The big room was dark. The big room, she realized, encompassed most of the cottage. There was a tiny kitchen alcove, and in a moment she discovered a second alcove. Coughing came from there. She hurried in.

A tiny girl lay there. When the paroxysm was over she smiled up at Kathleen. "You're the gold lady," she said hoarsely. "Like in fairy tales. Tell me a fairy tale."

The Gold Lady sat on a stool by the bed. Tell a fairy tale in these surroundings? The house was immaculately clean, but it was cluttered. The pots MacDonald had prophesied would be used during a rain were there. The ceiling was discolored by previous rains. It sagged in places, was crudely patched in others.

An iron stove stood in one corner of the room, a tiny coal fire burning. Kathleen made a move to replenish it but the child stopped her. "We only make big ones in winter," she admonished.

"O'Brien and stopped—" began Kathleen and stopped. "—there was a Golden Girl," prompted the child, and when Kathleen didn't go on—"and she riz right up out of the mine an' she had golden oranges in her hands and she give us all we could eat. And she was so beautiful we was all blinded. Us kids made up that one," she confided. "When my throat don't hurt no more I'll tell you all of it."

Kathleen told a fairy tale then. It was the truth but to the listener unbelievable. A story about a Golden Girl who lived in a Golden room and slept in a bed of Gold and drove in a Golden chariot.

And as she talked she saw the poverty about her. Under the child's guidance she rubbed the bony little chest with goose-grease and kerosene. When the coughing started again she fed her what she assumed was a precious liquid of crushed onion and lemon.

"Go easy on it," warned the child. "Pop's got miner's cough. Don't you know what that is? Well you are green. It's the rock dust that gets in miners' lungs. Most all muckers have it; all the Gregorys anyhow."

Kathleen might have learned more but the mother reappeared, her face set in white, stoical lines. "Can't you tell me?" begged Kathleen.

"Tain't much," sighed the woman. "The boys at school tried to make apparatus like the MacDonalds, damn them, have. They couldn't. The bar broke when Johnny was up. Only his leg is broke — but where can I get a doctor? They said they were taking him to Carsted, that's twenty miles and those boys 'r rubbin'—"

"But there are doctors at both mines," protested Kathleen.

'You're Crazy'
 "JUST for the miners. There's a MacDonald doctor but I'd ne'er trust a lad of mine to his hand. We have to pay for the Gregory one and I haven't the money. They'll wait for it in Carsted or we'll get charity."

Kathleen felt an insane desire to rush to the Gregory mine, lift the doctor up by the cape of the neck and bring him to the cot; and in so doing to walk over Kit-Smyth, preferably on his plushy versa.

"An' Balmey said 'bray belvin an' I didn't."

Kathleen stood up, rigid with determination. "I'll get the Gregory doctor!"

She was off like a whirlwind. For once the car started without too many objections. Reaching the mine she went directly to the emergency hospital to find the doctor studying a medical magazine.

"You'll come with me!" she exclaimed.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Don't you dare ask questions—" "But, my dear young lady, how will I know what I'm going to need if I don't know what kind—"

"Oh," Kathleen relaxed. "A schoolboy has broken his leg. They were taking him to Carsted."

"Right!" The man was on his feet, giving quick orders to two nurses who had appeared. "I'll bring him here. Ruth, you come with me." He turned to Kathleen. "We'll take my car. I can convert it into a carrier. Come on."

Kathleen rode beside him and enroute talked of the little girl as well as her brother. "I didn't learn their names," she confessed. "I was so furious at you for refusing to take cases unless you were paid at the spot—"

"You are crazy!" The car didn't slacken its pace but the force of the doctor's words brought Kathleen to a short stop. "I'd take every case in this town on both sides of the road for nothing, I understand, nothing if I could. Do you think I like to camp there at the mouth of the mine playing solitaire; picking silvers out of miners' fingers; dressing an occasional break when I could be making myself useful? Good God, young woman, if it wasn't for old Balmey drumming into my ears my responsibility to the miners underground; the chance need of an experienced man; the hope that some day the Gregorys would get something besides sold into their veins and allow me to serve everyone if it wasn't for old Balmey, I'd have been out of here three years ago. I don't think I can stand it much longer. Here we are. I'll be up the house as soon as I finish with the boy."

"I'm paying you, Kathleen told him, and as he demurred. "I don't want the Gregorys firing a man like you. But don't tell anyone, at Kit-Smyth think the family paid."

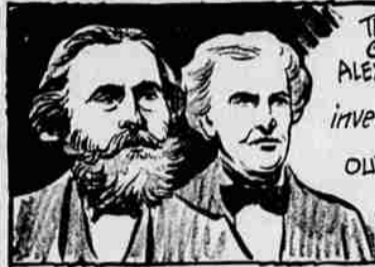
Tomorrow: Kathleen runs a hospital.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



TALE OF TWO CITIES
 CALAIS, MAINE, U.S., AND ST. STEPHEN, N.B., CANADA, CONNECTED BY AN INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE OVER THE ST. CROIX RIVER, SWAP PUBLIC UTILITY SERVICES, OBSERVE EACH OTHER'S NATIONAL HOLIDAYS, AND OPERATE ALMOST AS A SINGLE COMMUNITY!



THE FATHER AND GRANDFATHER OF ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL— inventor of the TELEPHONE. BOTH WERE OUTSTANDING IN THE FIELD OF VOCAL COMMUNICATION!

GRACE WHITE--13, SKIPPED ROPE 3678 CONSECUTIVE TIMES IN 51 MINUTES, 27 SECONDS... London, 1927.



SEVEN WAYS IN WHICH 9 DIFFERENT DIGITS CAN BE ARRANGED TO EQUAL 100:
 91+ 5142/638 = 91+ 7524/836 = 91+ 8823/647 = 94+ 1578/263 = 96+ 2148/537 = 96+ 1428/357 = 96+ 1752/438 = 100

International Towns
 Only a stone's throw from each other, the towns of St. Stephen, New Brunswick, Canada, and Calais, Maine, United States, are each in a country foreign to the other.

Calais' water supply is piped from St. Stephen. St. Stephen gets its gas from Calais, and Calais gets its electricity from Canada.

The Alexander Bells
 Men of the same interests as well as names were Alexander Bell, inventor of the first successful telephone, his father, and his grandfather. Bell's father (1818-1908) invented a system for teaching deaf mutes to speak, and his grandfather, (1780-1855) was an elocutionist and corrector of defective utterance.

Klamath Indian Killed By Auto
 EUREKA, Calif., Nov. 8.—(AP)—Benny Jasper Billy, 18, Klamath River Indian, was killed Sunday when struck by a car driven by Leo Perrone, Eureka bank teller.

HOME LOAN DIRECTORS NAMED FOR NORTHWEST
 WASHINGTON, Nov. 8.—(AP)—The Federal Home Loan Bank Board today announced election of J. M. Person, Hillsboro, Ore., as a Class A person director. Others elected to two-year in the Pacific Northwest included: Frank S. McWilliams, Spokane, re-elected director-at-large; J. T. S. Lyle, Tacoma, re-elected, Class A. Directors elected to one-year terms

included Ben Hamlin Hazen, Portland, re-elected director at large. Thompson Creekers Wed RENO, Nev., Nov. 8.—(AP)—Marriage licenses issued during the week included: Monroe Norris, 37, and Eva T. Moran, 37, both Thompson Creek, Ore.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Zeke Explains
 WHEN LOST BARRY OF THE COAST GUARD AIR PATROL FAILED TO LOCATE THE RENDEZVOUS OF THE AERIAL PILOTS WHO LOOTED THE YACHT, SEA NYMPH, AND ABDUCTED ITS OWNER AND HIS DAUGHTER, TOMMY HAD A HUNCH!
 HE DECIDED TO GO TO THE HOME OF THE KEYS, AN OLD FRIEND WHO KNOWS THE HISTORY AND LORE OF MOST OF THE FLORIDA KEYS AND SO...

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Bargain Sale!
 MORNIN', BEN! SAY, I AIN'T A-GOIN' TO BE ABLE TO TAKE NO EGGS FROM YOU TODAY— WHY NOT, MR. SAXTON?
 WELL, SON, YOUR OLD COMPETITOR, JUNIUS JIPPEM, IS OPENIN' UP A HULL NEW BAG O' TRICKS!
 HE'S EXHIBITIN' A GIANT ROOSTER AN' PROMISIN' A FULL LINE O' THE SAME SIZE CHICKENS AN' JUMBO EGGS NEXT MONTH— OH, WE KNOW ALL ABOUT THAT, MR. SAXTON—
 MEBBE YOU DO, BEN, BUT JIPPEM'S CLEANIN' OUT HIS PRESENT STOCK AND HE'S PRACTICALLY GIVIN' AWAY BOTH CHICKENS AN' EGGS!

THE NEBBES—Oh, Well
 YOU NEBBES ARE A CONSISTENT LOT. LAST WEEK THAT BROTHER OF YOURS HAD MORE GRIEF ABOARD THAN YOU'D THINK ONE SYSTEM COULD HOLD. NOW THE WAY HE'S PRANCING AROUND WITH THE BEAUTIFUL MUREL NELLIE IS JUST A WEED IN LIFE'S BOUQUET.
 I SUPPOSE IF I SLIPPED OUT YOU'D HAVE MORE BLACK ON YOU THAN A RAVEN AND HAVE THAT FACE OF YOURS TWISTED UP WITH GRIEF. I'D GIVE YOU 60 DAYS AND THEN YOU'D HAVE A SUIT OF CLOTHES THAT'D MAKE A TEBRA LOOK MODESTLY GARBED AND A FACE LOOKING LIKE A KID'S GETTING A DISH OF ICE CREAM.
 IS THAT SO. YOU COME FROM A CONSISTENT FAMILY! TAKE YOUR BROTHER ERNIE INTO CONSIDERATION BEFORE YOU KNOCK ME. AND DON'T FORGET YOUR OLD MAN... THERE WAS NEVER A JOB WE HAD THAT WAS TOO HARD FOR YOUR MOTHER TO DO!!

"IT'S A PASS!" By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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NO MATTER HOW By O M PAYNE



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MAGICIAN'S ACT TOO MUCH FOR SALEM MAN
 SALEM, Nov. 8.—(AP)—Members of the first aid crew of the Salem fire department reported that William Gray, 3, Albany, left a Salem theater (l) and fainted after seeing a magician perform the illusion of sawing a woman in two. Graber had been under a nervous strain, it was said, because of extensive dental treatment during the afternoon.

Portland, Nov. 8.—(AP)—Kitty with her head caught in a fruit jar can make a terrific racket. Lloyd Deuchar, and two policemen agreed, Deuchar summoned the police when he heard a howl in his basement. The howl turned out to be the cat, with head caught in jar.

Closing Time for Two Late to Class Ad is 1:30 p. m.

AFL WILL INVESTIGATE LABOR BOARD ACTIONS
 PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 8.—(AP)—Charging discrimination in favor of the CIO, the AFL Oregon-Washington council of the Lumber and Sawmill Workers' union announced today it would investigate national labor relations board activities in the northwest.

Limb Kills Worker
 OREGON CITY, Nov. 8.—(AP)—A huge limb knocked down by a falling tree killed Lester McComb, 27, of Viola, an employee of the Kinkle mill east of Esthada.

Use Mail Tribune Want Ads.

By EDWIN ALGER
 By HAL FORRES
 By 80L HERR